

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

Nº 5 • 15th MARCH 1969

PRICE 1/3



CINDERELLA and the Glass Slipper



1. Cinderella's cruel stepmother had done everything to make sure that Cinderella would not be able to go to the Royal Ball. But thanks to Cinderella's fairy godmother it looked as though she would be going after all. "But you must have a coach and horses to take you there," smiled the fairy godmother.

2. "This pumpkin is just what I need," went on the fairy godmother. "Take it outside and put it on the ground, my dear." Excitedly Cinderella picked up the pumpkin and took it outside. Then the fairy godmother said the magic words "Abracadabra! Hey Presto!" and waved her wand.



3. At once a wonderful coach appeared and Cinderella gasped with delight. She had never seen so splendid a coach in her life before. "And now for your horses, driver and footman," smiled the fairy godmother. Some of Cinderella's friendly mice had been running here and there, agog with excitement.

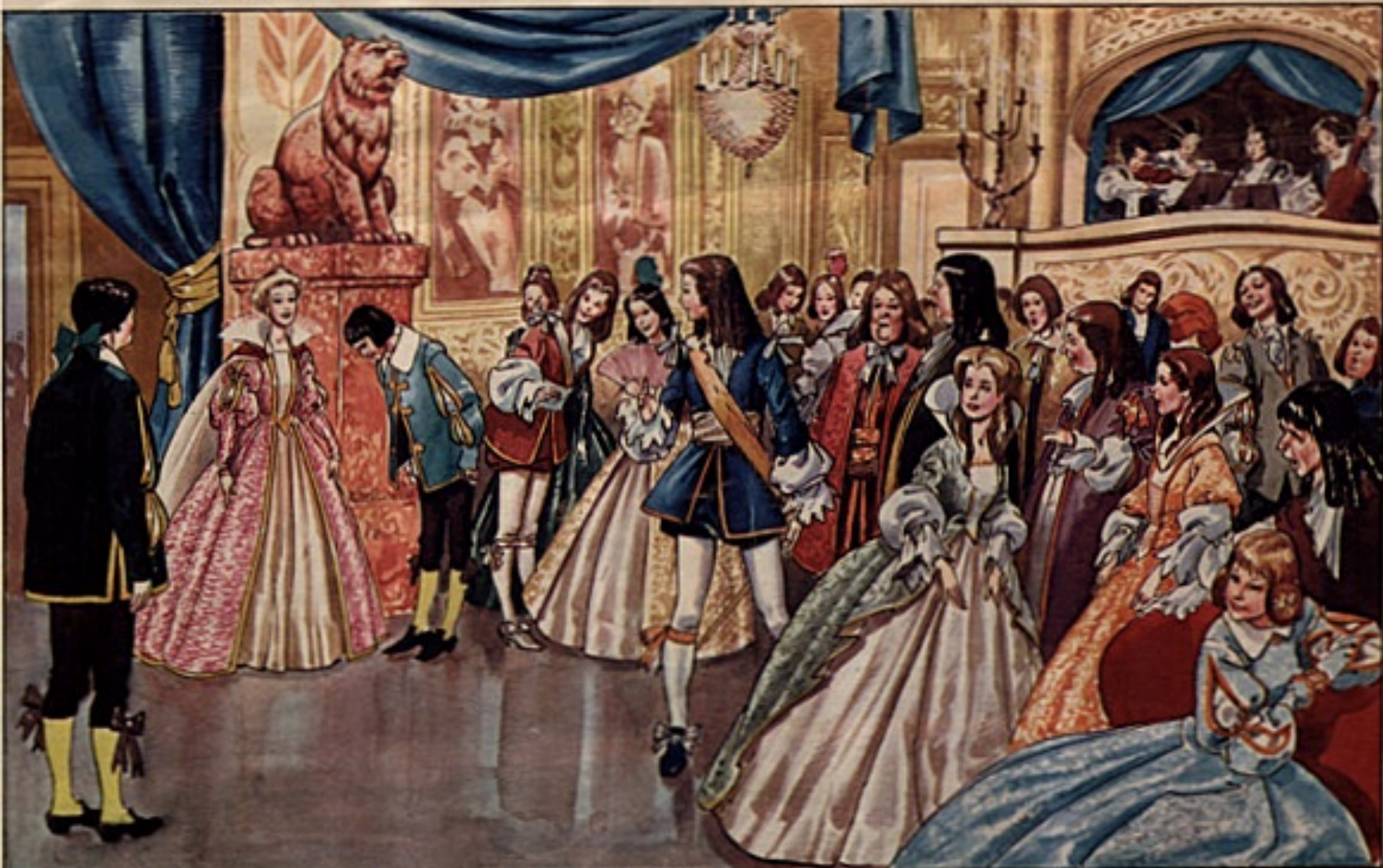
4. "Calla-balloo-callay!" laughed the fairy godmother. "One-two-three!" And she waved her magic wand three times towards the scampering mice. At once they changed into two snow-white horses, a smiling coachman and a tall footman. "Now you are ready to go to the ball," said the fairy godmother.



5. Swiftly Cinderella climbed into the coach. Her heart was beating fast. "There is only one thing you must remember," warned her fairy godmother. "You must leave the ball before midnight strikes."



6. "Why?" asked Cinderella. "Because at midnight your beautiful dress will change back to rags," said the fairy godmother, "your coach will once again become a pumpkin and your horses and servants will change into mice again. My magic spell will last only until midnight, so remember. Off you go now," and the coach moved forward and set off at a gallop for the Royal Palace.



7. Of course, Cinderella was late for the ball. It had already started and everybody was dancing and happy. All the unmarried girls were smiling at the handsome Prince because it was known that he was going to choose one of them for his bride. But so far the Prince had

been unable to make a choice. When the palace guards saw the magnificent coach and the beautiful girl who alighted they thought she was a princess, if not a queen. So they allowed her to enter.

Everybody turned to stare at her — especially the Prince.

You must see what happens next when midnight chimes.



Cats when young look nice and cuddly, but when they grow up they can be cruel hunters, just like their big brothers, the lions and tigers. The next time your cat plays with a rubber mouse, watch how it creeps nearer and nearer before pouncing, just like the big cats.



There are wild cats, and tame cats, big cats and little cats, and cats of every colour. Here are some little cats. In a later issue of "Once Upon a Time" you will be able to see some big cats.



There are long-haired cats and short-haired cats. The long-haired cats are called Persians. They have long, silky coats and large fluffy tails. Persian cats can be white, black, blue or striped. They are good at catching mice.



Thousands of years ago, the people of Ancient Egypt worshipped cats. These sacred cats lived in temples and no one was allowed to harm them.

All Sorts



This odd cat, known as the Manx Cat, comes from the Isle of Man, in the Irish Sea. It has a little stump of a tail, and its hind legs are longer than its front legs. This makes it hop, skip and jump along, rather like a rabbit.



The Siamese cat, used to live in the Royal courts of the Kings of Siam, a country of the Far East. It is a very friendly little animal, and it likes the company of humans very much. That is why you sometimes see a Siamese cat taking a walk with its master or mistress. All Siamese kittens are born a pure white.



This cat is a very gentle and rather timid creature. It comes from Ethiopia, and is called an Abyssinian cat. It does not make friends very easily, but once it decides it likes you, it will become a great chum. It is happiest when it has a large garden in which to roam.

of Little Cats



There are wild cats which live in the Highlands of Scotland. They are very fierce and cannot be tamed. They hunt for fish with their paws in mountain streams. The Scottish wild cat has black stripes around its tail and holds its ears flat, instead of upright, like other cats.



If you have a cat, it is most likely to be a European cat, the name given to all sorts of short-haired cats which live in the homes of Europe. Some people might think they are very ordinary cats. But there is nothing ordinary about any cat, as you will agree, if you have one as a pet.



BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit and the Little Girl.

Retold by Barbara Hayes.

DON'T suppose there are many of you children who haven't heard tell of that scamp Brer Rabbit.

Always up to tricks and mischief was our friend, Brer Rabbit, but then he did have an excuse.

Nearly all the other creatures in the woodland were trying to catch Brer Rabbit and make him into rabbit stew for dinner, so Brer Rabbit had to be mighty slippery and clever just to keep himself alive.

Well once upon a time, when Brer Rabbit had been tramping round hunting up some salad for his dinner, he happened to find himself in the neighbourhood of Mr. Man's house.

Along by the garden gate trotted Brer Rabbit and he saw Mr. Man's little girl playing in the sandpit in the garden.

Then Brer Rabbit looked through the gaps in the fence and saw the lettuce and carrots

growing in the garden and they made his mouth water.

So of course our tricky little friend Brer Rabbit took a walk into the garden, trotted up to the little girl and he touched his can and bowed to her. Then in his most polite voice, he said.

"How do you do, Little Girl? How are you getting along today?"

The little girl was just as polite as Brer Rabbit:

"How do you do Mr. Rabbit?" she said, "How are you getting along today?"

Well, that gave clever Brer Rabbit just the chance he had been looking for.

"Oh, I'm mighty poorly," he sighed.

Then he said, "Are you the little girl who belongs to the Mr. Man who lives up in that big white house?"

And when the girl said she was, Brer Rabbit went rushing on, "Well, I'm mighty glad of

that because I've just been to the house to see your daddy and he sent me down here to tell you that you must open the garden gate so that I can take out some loads of food."

Now, when the little girl heard that, she jumped up straight away and opened the garden gate.

And before you could wink an eye, that sly Brer Rabbit had taken out a load of lettuces and carrots and thanked the little girl kindly and dashed off to his home.

Getting food that way seemed so easy that Brer Rabbit did it day after day.

He would wait for the little girl to come to play in the garden, then as polite as pie, he would tell her that her daddy had said she was to open the garden gate and let Brer Rabbit take out truckloads of food, but it wasn't true at all. Naughty Brer Rabbit!

All this went on for so long that, by and by, Mr. Man began to miss all the greenstuff

and carrots from his garden. He started to say that everyone around was taking them.

When the little girl heard this she spoke up straight away and said, "My goodness, Daddy! You know you told Mr. Rabbit to come and tell me to open the gate and let him take out truckloads of food. I've only been doing just as you said."

Mr. Man, who was very clever, guessed at once what had been happening and he said to his little girl:

"The next time Mr. Rabbit comes along, you let him in as usual, then run and tell me as fast as you can, because I've got some business with that young chap that just must be attended to."

So sure enough the next day, Brer Rabbit came round to the garden with the same old tale and the little girl let him in and then ran as fast as she could to tell her father.

Up to the house she went calling, "Daddy! Oh Daddy! That Mr. Rabbit's in the garden again."

So Mr. Man rushed out and snatched up some fishing line and raced to the garden. When he got there, there was Brer Rabbit trampling on the lettuces and picking the tomatoes.

Before you could count ten, Mr. Man had caught Brer Rabbit and tied him with the fishing line.

"You've fooled me lots of times, Brer Rabbit," said Mr. Man, "but this time I've caught you and I'm going to give you a lesson



that you'll remember for many a long day."

Then Mr. Man told the little girl to watch Brer Rabbit while he went to fetch a stick to spank him.

But Mr. Man was no sooner out of the garden, than Brer Rabbit was up to his tricks again.

Brer Rabbit started to sing — and in those days Brer Rabbit had a really lovely voice.

The little girl thought the song was lovely and when it was over she asked Brer Rabbit to sing it again.

But Brer Rabbit coughed and pretended his throat was sore and he said he couldn't sing any more.

Then Brer Rabbit said, "But I can dance even better than I can sing."

"Dance for me then," said the little girl.

And, of course, Brer Rabbit answered. "How can I dance when I am all tied up like this?"

Without even thinking how silly she was being, the little girl reached forward and untied the fishing line.

Then Brer Rabbit got up and stretched his legs and danced. He danced out of the garden and all the way home and when Mr. Man came back with the stick, there was no Brer Rabbit to be taught a lesson at all.

Mr. Man might have been clever, but he wasn't quite as clever as our cheeky chum, was he?

There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.



TWELVE MORE PICTURES OF "HE and SHE"



BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE.



SON AND DAUGHTER.



SCULPTOR AND SCULPTRESS.



COWBOY AND COWGIRL.



STEWARD AND STEWARDESS.



RAJAH AND RANEE.



MILKMAN AND MILKMAID.



PRIEST AND PRIESTESS.



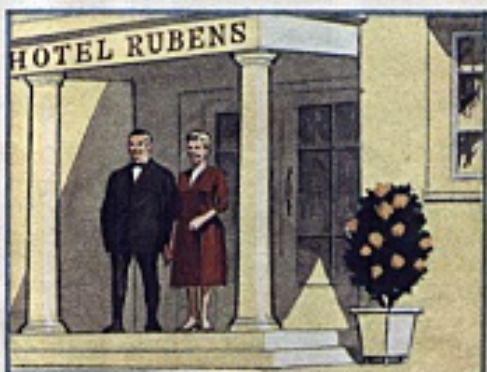
BARON AND BARONESS.



HUNTER AND HUNTRESS.



HERO AND HEROINE.



MANAGER AND MANAGERESS.



The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers

The Wise Old Owl is here to answer many interesting questions for you.



1. What is the highest mountain in the world? Everest, in the Himalayan Mountains, North of India, is 29,000 feet high. In 1953, a brave man from New Zealand, Edmund Hillary, and a guide called Tensing, were the first men to climb it.



2. And what are the oldest living creatures? The giant tortoises from the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific Ocean. They are supposed to live for over a hundred years and they grow to a tremendous size.



3. Where was the first passenger railway built? The first steam railway for the public ran from Stockton-on-Tees to Darlington, in County Durham and it was opened in 1825. At first, only goods were taken by the steam-drawn trains and the passengers were pulled in horse-drawn coaches. In 1833 the line had all its trains pulled by steam engines.



4. Do seeds live long? Some seeds die very quickly. But others can live for a very long time. Seeds of wheat found in an ancient Egyptian tomb, which had been sealed up for several thousand years, were planted and, to everybody's surprise, the seeds grew into wheat. Do you think you would have liked to taste some bread made from that wheat?



5. Why do stars twinkle at night? The stars in the sky are really great balls of fire like the Sun. But they are so far away that they seem like little dots of light. The twinkle is caused by dust in the air, which breaks up the light shining from the stars. It takes four years for the light from the nearest star to reach us here on Earth.



6. Can a fish fly? There are flying fish which are found in the warm tropical oceans. The fish shoot out of the sea and glide through the air for as far as 200 yards. The fish are very beautiful, being a deep blue on top and a silvery colour underneath. They grow to about eighteen inches long. They fly out of the water to escape from hungry enemies.



Why Princess Anna and Prince

This story is a memory test. Read the story carefully, then see if you can answer the questions printed on page 16, without looking again at the story.

ONCE upon a time there was a Princess. Her name was Anna and her father was King of Spain.

One day the King of Turkey sent his son, Prince Hassan to visit Spain and while he was staying in the King's castle, he looked out of a window and saw Princess Anna sitting on a

hill with her ladies-in-waiting. Hassan fell in love with the Princess at once and when later, Anna met the Prince she fell in love with him, too.

The Prince went to the King of Spain and said: "Your Majesty. I have fallen in love with your daughter and I would like to marry her."

The King was not surprised, for lots of princes had fallen in love with his daughter. But he knew his daughter was a very proud

Princess. He said to the Prince: "You have my permission to ask her to be your wife. But I warn you, she is very proud and even though she may love you, she will make conditions."

So Prince Hassan asked the Princess to marry him. "I will," she said, "but only if you can answer this question: How old is everyone?"

"I will give you the answer tomorrow," said the Prince; but day followed day and soon it was time for the Prince to return home



the Hassan flew away together

to Turkey and he still could not think of the answer.

When he arrived home he called together all his father's wise men and asked them "How old is everyone?" none of them could answer it.

Weeks went by and the Prince could only worry about the question and try to think of the answer. He would go out into the beautiful gardens and stand deep in thought, playing sad music.

Then one day he suddenly thought of the answer and laughed for the first time in weeks. "I know how old everyone is," he said.

His father the King was so pleased to see his son smiling again that he loaned Hassan his magic carpet to fly back to Spain.

"Everyone is as old as their tongue but a little older than their teeth," he told the Princess. "That is the answer to your riddle."

Princess Anna had been pining for the Prince. Her silly pride had stopped her from

writing and saying that she would marry him even if he didn't know the answer. Now, she was no longer proud. "You are right," she said to Hassan, "But I would have married you even if you had been wrong."

And so they were married and afterwards Prince Hassan and Princess Anna flew off on the magic carpet to Turkey where they lived happily ever after.

There will be another "memory test" story for you next week.

ALADDIN and his Wonderful Lamp



1. Aladdin and his mother lived quite happily together. They lacked for nothing because whenever they were short of money, Aladdin would sell another of his magic jewels. Each jewel was worth lots and lots of money. Aladdin grew up into a handsome youth.

2. One day Aladdin was on his way to sell another jewel when he heard the tramp of marching feet and a loud voice shouting "Make way for the Princess Badroul." Aladdin saw a beautiful girl carried along by four men — and fell in love with her.



3. Aladdin went home, his heart singing and full of love for the Princess Badroul. "I want to marry her," he told his mother who fell to her knees, trembling with fear. "But she is the King's daughter," she said. "If you are not careful you will go to prison."



4. Aladdin laughed scornfully. "What do you mean?" he replied. "The King will feel insulted because the son of a poor cobbler wants to marry his daughter," his mother told him. Aladdin threw some of his magic jewels on a table. "Not when he sees these," he said.



5. Then Aladdin said "Take these jewels to the palace. Ask to see the King, present him with the jewels and tell him I want to marry his daughter." His mother put the jewels in a bowl and went to the palace. She joined a queue of other people waiting to see the King.

6. After waiting a long time, Aladdin's mother was shown into the palace. All the other people in the queue were wanting to see the King to ask certain favours. "I don't suppose one of *them* has a son who wants to marry the King's daughter," sighed Aladdin's mother. "Unlucky me!"



7. She waited for her turn to speak to the King. There he was, seated on his throne with his courtiers. He looked cold and crafty and Aladdin's mother trembled in her shoes. "I'm sure he will send me to prison when he hears what I have to say," she murmured.

8. She had just reached the head of the queue when the King said. "It's tea-time. I won't listen to anybody else." A soldier pushed all the people away. Aladdin's mother took to her heels and ran all the way home. "Perhaps Aladdin will change his mind," she said to herself.

What will Aladdin say when his mother returns with his jewels?



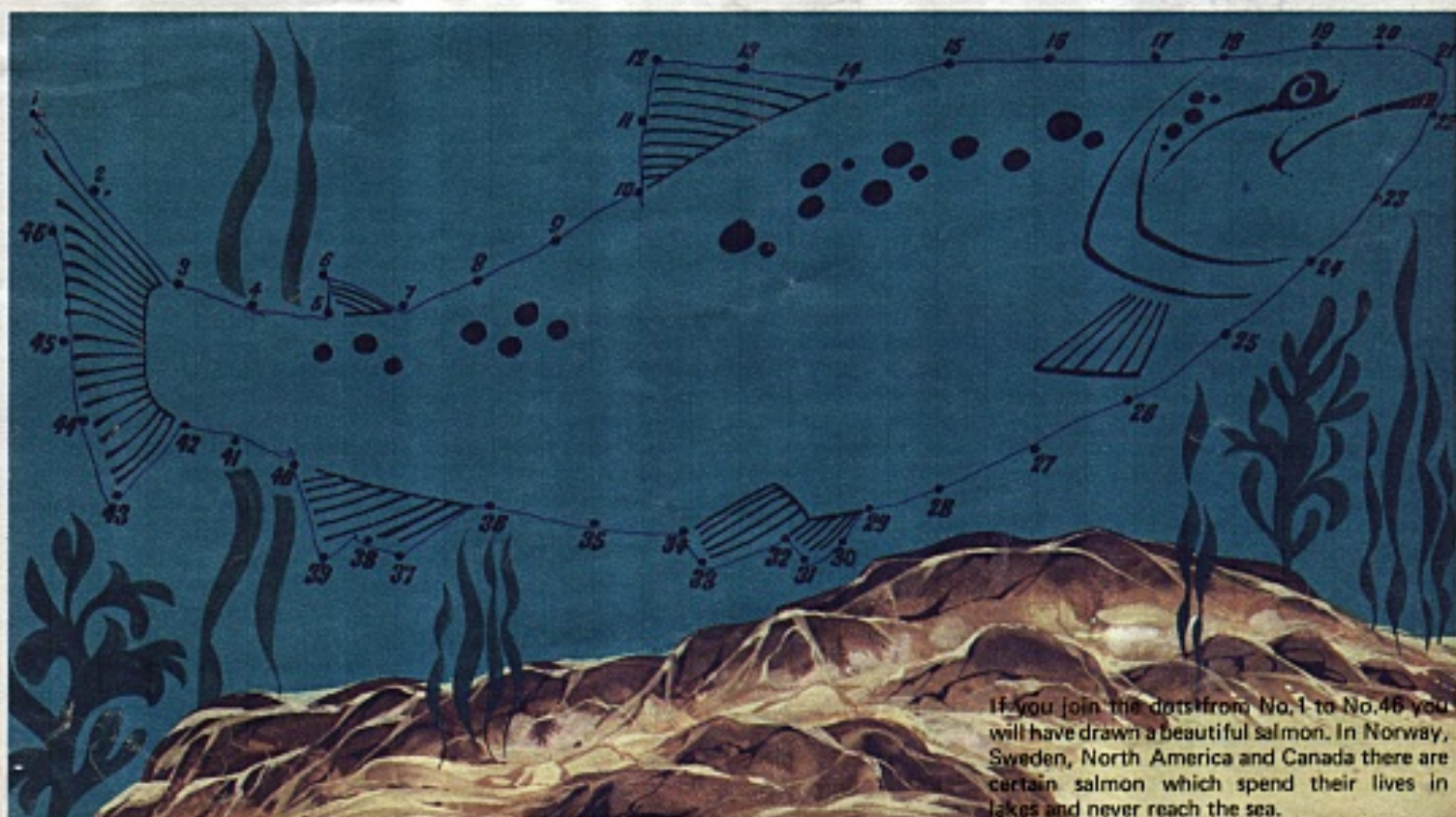
Beautiful Paintings

This endearing picture of a little boy was painted by an English artist named Arthur William Devis. It is known that the little boy's name was Master Simpson. But what did he call his lovely little dog? Nobody seems to know. There will be another beautiful painting for you to frame or to stick in your scrap album next week. (Reproduced from the print published by Pallas Gallery Ltd., London, W.1).

The Salmon is a Queer Fish

We all know the salmon. It is a very tasty fish to eat. But do you know that in this country the salmon is hatched in a river and swims

out to sea at the age of two? Two years later it returns to lay its eggs, (or spawn, as it is called). It eats nothing after it enters the river.



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

written by Barbara Hayes



This week Country Mouse tries to visit the town.

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. They were cousins. One mouse lived in the country and was called Winifred. The other mouse lived in the town and her name was Stephanie.

The town mouse thought that Stephanie was a very old-fashioned name. She told all her friends to call her Steve.

Now Steve lived a very busy, gay life, but sometimes, when she hadn't got anything better to do, she would write to her cousin Winifred, in the country, telling her how wonderful life was in town.

"You really ought to come up and see us sometime," Steve would write. "Life in the big city would make you sit up and open your eyes wide, I can tell you."

And down in the country, Winifred used to read her cousin's letters and she would say: "Yes, I think I ought to go to the big city and visit Stephanie. Yes, I really do think so." So one day Winifred said to her boy friend Bertie:

"Do you know, Bertie, one day soon I really must make time to go to town and visit my cousin Stephanie."

And Bertie said:

"Well then, you take care of yourself, Winnie my love. Those towns are dangerous, unfriendly places, in spite of all the fun that is supposed to go on there."

Then Bertie thought for a moment and said:

"Really I ought to come with you to take care of you, but we are very busy down on the farm just at the moment."

Winifred just smiled and said:

"Don't you worry about me, Bertie dear. Why, I'm sure I shall be perfectly safe in town."

And then feeling just a little annoyed that Bertie should think she couldn't take care of herself, she added:

"Why one day I walked right to the other side of the village and went to see the cars whizzing past on the motor-way. I've been around, you know, Bertie my lad. I'm not such a country bumpkin as you seem to think."

Bertie thought Winifred was wonderful.

"I didn't know you had ever been as far as that!" he gasped.

And he added to himself:

"Why, going as far as the motor-way means that Winifred has been as far as half-a-mile from home."

In the end, Winifred decided that the best day for her to go to town would be on Sunday.

"Monday is washing-day," she thought to herself. "Tuesday is ironing-day and Wednesday I want to make some jam and Thursday I must bottle some pears and Friday I always make cakes and Saturday is my afternoon out with Bertie, when we sit on the village green and watch the rest of the village doing their shopping. I wouldn't miss that excitement for all the world."

So it seemed that the only day for going into town was Sunday.

Now, just in case you don't live in the country yourself, I will tell you that country folk get up very early. And as Winifred had quite a long journey ahead of her, she got up extra early on that Sunday.

"If I am really early, I can catch the first train into town then I shall have time to visit Stephanie and get back home again before dark," she thought.

So Winifred got up early, dressed herself in her best dress and shawl, put on her thick shoes, in case the roads were muddy, took her best red umbrella in case it rained, put on her best hat that she had bought for her next-door neighbour's wedding, packed some food for the journey in her little carpet bag and took a present of home-made cakes in a brown paper parcel for Stephanie.

If you look at the big picture, you can see just how Winifred looked.

She's very sweet, isn't she?

Winifred caught the early train and arrived in town, just as it was beginning to get light on Sunday morning.

There was just one sleepy porter on duty at the station.

"Could you please tell me where Stephanie's house is?" asked Winifred.

You see, she hadn't bothered to take

Stephanie's address with her. She thought the town was like her village, where everyone knew everyone else.

The porter stared at Winifred.

"Who's Stephanie when she's at home?" he grunted and then without waiting for an answer, he went on, "I don't know where Stephanie's house is, lady but if it's a house you're after, just nip out into the square and look. There are plenty to choose from."

And with that he popped back into the porter's room for a cup of tea.

As there seemed nothing else to do, Winifred went out of the station and into the town square. As she looked round her heart sank further and further towards her boots.

There were so many houses, she knew it would take her weeks to find which one was Stephanie's.

And worse than that there was no-one about at all. You see, town folk always lie in bed on Sundays after the gay, late evenings they have spent on Saturdays.

So there was no-one for Winifred to ask for help.

And do you know what Winifred did, then?

She caught the next train back home and decided that she would try visiting Stephanie another day.

And she got home just in time for tea and ate the home-made cakes she had made for Stephanie.

Next week there will be a story about the Town Mouse.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on the centre pages this week. See if you can answer them.

1. Who was Princess Anna's father?
2. Who was Prince Hassan's father?
3. What was Princess Anna's riddle?
4. What was the answer?
5. How did Anna and Hassan go off together?



PINOCCHIO

The story of a mischievous wooden puppet.



Pinocchio, the little puppet who can walk and talk like any human boy, has gone to see a puppet-show instead of going to school. He is befriended by the man who owns the show. This man is called Fire-eater.

THE following day Fire-eater called Pinocchio on one side and asked him:

"What is your father's name?"

"Geppetto."

"And what does he do for a living?"

"He is out of work. He hasn't a penny in his pocket. Only think, to buy a Spelling-book for me to go to school, he had to sell the only coat he had to wear — a coat that, with all its patches and darns, was not fit to be seen."

Fire-eater, who was really a kind man, started to weep and replied:

"Poor fellow! I feel almost sorry for him! Here are five gold pieces. Go at once and take them to him with my kind regards."

Pinocchio thanked the showman a thousand times. He embraced all the puppets in the company one by one and beside himself with delight, set out to return home.

But he had not gone far when he met on the road a Fox, lame of one foot, and a Cat that appeared to be blind in both eyes, who were going along helping each other like good companions in misfortune. The Fox who was lame, walked leaning on the Cat, and the Cat

who was blind, was guided by the Fox.

"Good day, Pinocchio," said the Fox, politely.

"How do you come to know my name?" asked the puppet.

"I know your father well."

"Where did you see him?"

"I saw him yesterday at the door of his house," replied the Fox.

"And what was he doing?"

"He was in his shirt sleeves and shivering with cold."

"Poor papa! But that is over; for in the future he shall shiver no more! ..."

"Why?" asked the Fox.

"Because I am now a gentleman."

"A gentleman — you!" said the Fox and he and the Cat began to laugh.

"There is little to laugh at," cried Pinocchio angrily. "I am really sorry to make your mouths water, but if you know anything about it, you can see that these here are five gold pieces."

And he pulled out the money that Fire-eater had given him.

At the sudden ring of the money the Fox, quickly stretched out his paw and the Cat opened wide two eyes that looked like two

green lanterns. It is true that he shut them again and so quickly that Pinocchio saw nothing.

"And now," asked the Fox, "what are you going to do with all that money?"

"First of all," answered the puppet, "I intend to buy a new coat for my papa, made of gold and silver and with diamond buttons; and then I will buy a Spelling-book for myself."

"For yourself?"

"Yes indeed: for I wish to go to school to study in earnest."

The Fox stared strangely at Pinocchio, then slowly shook his head.

"I have a better idea," he said. "How would you like to double your money?"

"In what way?" asked Pinocchio.

"Would you like to make out of your five miserable gold pieces a hundred, a thousand?" said the Fox, smiling.

"I should think so! But in what way?"

"The way is easy enough. Instead of returning home you must go with us."

"And where do you wish to take me?"

The Fox winked at the Cat and said:

"To the land of the Owls where there is a large field called by everybody the Field of Magic. In this field you must dig a little hole and you put into it, we will say, five gold pieces. You then cover up the hole with a little earth: you must water it with two pails of water and when night comes you can go quietly to bed. In the meanwhile, during the night, the gold pieces will grow and flower, and in the morning when you get up and return to the field, what do you find? You find five beautiful trees laden with as many gold pieces as a cherry tree has cherries in the month of June."

"What good people!" thought Pinocchio to himself: and forgetting there and then his papa, the new coat, the Spelling-book, and all his good resolutions, he said to the Fox and the Cat:

"Let us be off at once. I will go with you."

After having walked half the day, they came to a field that looked just like any other field.

"We are arrived," said the Fox to the puppet. "Now stoop down and dig a little hole in the ground and put your gold pieces into it."

Pinocchio obeyed. He dug a hole, put into it the five gold pieces and then filled up the hole with a little earth.

"Now, then," said the Fox, "go to that canal close to us, fetch a can of water, and water the ground where you have sowed them."

Pinocchio went to the canal, and as he had no can he took off one of his shoes and filling it with water, he watered the ground over the hole.

He then asked:

"Is there anything else to be done?"

"Nothing else," answered the Fox. "We can now go away. You can return in about twenty minutes and you will find a shrub already pushing through the ground, with its branches quite loaded with money."

The poor puppet, beside himself with joy, thanked the Fox and the Cat a thousand times, and promised them a beautiful present.

"We wish for no presents," answered the two rascals. "It is enough for us to have taught you the way to enrich yourself without undergoing hard work and we are as happy as folk out for a holiday."

Thus saying they left Pinocchio and wishing him a good harvest, went about their business.

The puppet returned to the town and began to count the minutes one by one: and when he thought that it must be time, he took the road leading to the Field of Magic.

And as he walked along with hurried steps his heart beat fast tic, tac, tic, tac, like a drawing room clock.

When he arrived at the field, he stopped to see if by chance there were five trees with their branches laden with money: but he saw nothing. He advanced another hundred steps — nothing: he entered the field . . . he went right up to the little hole where he had buried his gold pieces — and nothing. He then became very thoughtful and gave his head a long scratch.

At that moment he heard loud laughter close to him and looking up he saw a large Parrot perched on a tree.

"Why are you laughing?" asked Pinocchio in an angry voice.

"I am laughing at those simpletons who believe in all the foolish things that are told them and who allow themselves to be swindled by those who are more cunning than they are."

"Are you perhaps speaking of me?"

"Yes, I am speaking of you, poor Pinocchio — of you who are simple enough to believe that money can be sown and gathered in fields in the same way as beans and tomatoes."

"I don't understand you," said the puppet, who was already trembling with fear.

"Have patience! I will explain myself better," said the Parrot. "You must know, then, that whilst you were in town the Fox and the Cat returned to the field: they took the buried money and then fled like the wind. And now he that catches them will be clever."

Pinocchio remained with his mouth open, not choosing to believe the Parrot's words, he began with his hands and nails to dig up the earth that he had watered. And he dug, and dug, and dug, and made such a deep hole that a tall tree might have stood upright in it: but the money was no longer there.

So the Fox (who is not really lame) and the Cat (who is not really blind) have run off with Pinocchio's money. What will Pinocchio do now?

Hallo, children,

Do you like the beautiful picture on our cover this week? I thought you would like it because it is so full of sunshine and happiness. Would you like to own a beautiful white horse like that? The picture would look lovely in your scrap-book, wouldn't it?

Your friend,
The Editor.



DON LAWRENCE

Fishermen are noted for being very patient people. But none of them could be more patient than the Eskimos who live largely on fish. When they go fishing in the winter months, they have to break a hole in the ice before letting down their line. Then they stand for hours in a freezing wind, waiting for a bite.



In Canada the men who fell trees, play a game called "Birling." Logs are placed in the water, then each man spins the log around in the water with his feet and tries to keep his balance.



Here every week you will be able to read these

STRANGE BUT TRUE

facts which have been gathered for you from all over the world.



This strange-looking animal is called an Aardvark. It comes from South Africa. It feeds mostly on insects which it licks up with its sticky tongue.



When we want a drink of water we turn on a water tap. But in many Eastern countries, water is very scarce. In such places, a water-seller is a familiar figure, who carries his water in a goatskin.



Here is the Leaning Tower of Pisa, in Northern Italy. When it was built, hundreds of years ago, the ground beneath it suddenly gave way, and the tower began to tilt. Across the years the tower has continued to lean. One day if nothing is done it will fall.